And now prepare your throats: *Lauinia* come,
Receaue the blood, and when that they are dead,
Let me goe grinde their bones to powder small,
And with this hatefull liquour temper it,
And in that paste let their vilde heads be bakte,
Come, come, be euery one officious,
To make this banket, which I wish may proue
More sterne and bloody then the Centaures feast.
He cuts their throats.
So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,
And see them ready against their Mother comes.
Exeunt.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.

Lucius. Vnckle *Marcus*, since tis my fathers minde
That I repaire to Rome, I am content.
Goth. And ours with thine befall what Fortune will.
Lucius. Good Vnckle take you in this barbarous *Moore*,
This rauenous Tiger, this accursed deuill,
Let him receaue no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought vnto the Emperours face,
For testimony of her foule proceedings:
And see the Ambush of our friends be strong,
I feare the Emperour meanes no good to vs.
Moore. Some deuill whisper curses in mine eare,
And prompt me that my tongue may vtter forth,
The venemous mallice of my swelling heart.
Lucius. Away inhumane dogge, vnhallowed slaue,
Sirs, helpe our vnckle to conuey him in,
The trumpets shew the Emperour is at hand.

Sound Trumpets, Enter Emperour and Empresse, with Tribunes and others.

King. What, hath the firmament moe sunnes then one?

Lucius,

Lucius. What bootes it thee to call thy selfe a sunne?
Marcus, Romes Emperour and Nephew breake the parle
These quarrels must be quietly debated,
The feast is ready which the carefull *Titus*,
Hath ordained to an honourable end,
For peace, for loue, for league and good to Rome:
Please you therefore draw nie and take your places.
Saturn. *Marcus* we will.

Sound trumpets, enter Titus like a Cooke, placing the meate on the Table, and Lauinia with a vaile ouer her face.

Titus. Welcom my gracious Lord, welcom dread Queen
Welcome ye warlike Gothes, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all, although the cheere be poore,
Twill fill your stomacks, please you eat of it.
Satur. Why art thou thus attired *Andronicus*?
Titus. Because I would be sure to haue all well,
To entertaine your highnes, and your Empresse.
Tam. We are beholding to you good *Andronicus*,
Titus. And if your highnes knew my heart, you were:
My Lord the Emperour resolue me this,
Was it well done of rash *Virginius*,
To slay his daughter with his owne right hand,
Because she was enforst, staind, and deflowrde?
Satur. It was *Andronicus*.
Titus. Your reason mighty Lord?
Satur. Because the girle should not suruiue her shame.
And by her presence still renew his sorrowes.
Titus. A reason mighty, strong, and effectuall,
A patterne, president, and liuely warrant,
For me most wretched to performe the like,
Die, die *Lauinia*, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy Fathers sorrow die. *he kills her.*
Saturn. What hast thou done, vnnaturall and vnkinde?